



# PHŒBE DEAREST.

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Phœbe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me,  
May I hope that you'll be mine;  
Oh, let no cold frown repel me,  
Leave me not in grief to pine.  
Tho' 'tis told in homely fashion,  
Phœbe, trust the tale I tell,  
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,  
Than within this heart does dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfection,  
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,  
Till respect became affection,  
Such as that I offer now.  
If you love me and will have me,  
True I'll be in weal or woe,  
If in cold disdain you leave me,  
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted,  
What their fate in life may be:  
Phœbe, if we once are parted,  
Once for ever it will be.  
Say then yes, or blindly, madly,  
I will rush upon the foe,  
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,  
Shot or shell that lays me low.



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